61

Algernon Dunn Gardner.
Denston Hall,
Suffolk.

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THE Horſe-manſhip OF ENGLAND,

Moſt particularly relating to the

BREEDING and TRAINING

OF THE

RUNNING-HORSE.

A POEM

DEDICATED

To His Grace the Duke of *Monmouth.*

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To his GRACE,

JAMES
DUKE OF
MONMOUTH.

May it pleaſe Your Grace!

THere is no Nation that has produc'd ſo many Eminent Perſons knowing in the art of Horſemanſhip, as this of ours. And of theſe, your Grace may deſervedly claim the moſt ſuperlative Renown, ſince what others can pretend to, either by way of Theory *or Practice, is not a little exceeded by your perfection in both.*

To obſerve you guiding the manag'd Horſe, and how becoming your ſeat is there, would out-do all Complement to expreſs. And whenſoever you pleaſe to commit your Perſon to the pleaſure of the Runner or Hunter, you appear no leſs an ornament to thoſe performances. This might enough incite my ambition to preſent you with this Poem (tho the firſt of this nature that I know of in any Language) however it may ſuffer from your acurate Judgment, and whence I muſt allow its greateſt hazard: Tho otherwiſe I might preſume to think it capable of giving ſome entertainment where the Subject here treated ſhall appear grateful. Not doubting but perſons ſo inclin'd

will find here deliver'd (if my verſe does not abate the worth of the Argument) what may improve their obſervation.

Where Poeſy has merit, it can be as commendably applied to the due eſteem of the Creature (of which none can claim from man a parallel-eſteem with this here mention'd) as to what does peculiarly adorn the moſt extraordinary actions of humane life. Since if the providential part (from above) be duly conſider'd, men have as much reaſon to acknowledg its benignity to them in the uſeful ſubſerviency of the Creature, as any other Attributes beſtow'd on humane conſervation: And which would find but an odd condition in this world on other terms. For what were it for man to be accounted a Maſter of Reaſon, if Creatures beneficially convenient and divertive were not ordain'd to apprehend and obey him? What value the Ancients had for the Heroick ſwiftneſs of the Horſe, is highly diſcernable from the uſe of their Olympick and Chariot-Races: At which great Princes and Captains were not only indulgent Spectators, but had their particular Conducts in the management of this Creatures hardeſt ſpeed and performance.

But there needs no other commendation of the worth of ſuch noble Recreations, than what your Grace has added to their embelliſhment amongſt us, and which as much ſurpaſs all foreign Ingenuity in the ſame ſphere of Science.

Should your many other Vertues be mention'd that have rendred you more than conſpicuous in Camps and Palaces, the reality of your worth would far exceed the beſt protraiture of fiction, at leaſt would require a better Muſe to ſing the praiſe of your Accompliſhments than is in the power of your Grace's

Very Humble Servant.

CANTO I.

WHAT Care and Science do moſt uſeful bring
The Horſe to Labour, Muſe now gladly Sing :
A Creature which Heavens vaſt Indulgence ſhows,
Whether his Toyls or Pleaſures men propoſe.
What ſenſual Being has the like expreſt,
Or merits ſuch repute in other Beaſt ?
Pity no higher word then Beaſt ſhould name,
The generous Service which the Horſe does claim,
Whether his uſe or kindneſs we reſpect,
He doth above his ſenſe even both effect.
Humbly, his mighty Strength, Mankind he gives,
And to bad Owners more deſertful lives.
His bold endurance Peace and War does grace,
And greatneſs adds to Crowns, ſupport his race.
The feets of Verſe too narrow ſpeak his Praiſe,
Or tell what care his Off-ſpring beſt ſhould raiſe.
His Speed, Strength, Beauty, Colder Regions ſhow,
As well as thoſe which under *Cancer* glow.
Happy, O *Britain*, *Phœbus* muſt confeſs,
Which ſoil without his parching Beams can bleſs
Steeds no leſs ſtout, than are their Owners bold,
What Clime ſuch vigour boaſts or fertile Cold ?
Nor muſt thou *Britain* call thy Stars unkind,
If *Aſian* Horſe, or *Africks*, Mortals find

More neatly figur'd, whilſt their ſtrengths deny
With thine Couragious toils and Might to try,
Whilſt he that would within this happy Iſle
Breed Steeds that beſt his pleaſure ſuit or toil,
Should well conſider firſt their uſe deſign'd,
Leſt his hopes fail from an improper kind;
Courſe ſtrength and ſhape will courſeſt labours bear,
Or ſuch the Swain ſupports with homely care.
Fine feet and limbs will but too nicely tread
The painful Journeys Plow Hinds guide for Bread.
Small reſt their paſtures foaling Dams allow:
Nor muſt their ſportive young too painleſs grow,
But draw ſuch Dugs their Harneſt Mothers yield,
By ſome ſhort reſpits as they Plow the Field;
But when they view their Burthen'd Mothers end:
The rigid hours they did in Furrows ſpend;
And that they homeward with their Owners go,
How ſoon their Foals will then their gladneſs ſhow;
Or skip before their Dams preſuming they
Shall to their Milky hopes more leiſure pay;
But Swain remember, if thou mean'ſt to give
Praiſe to the Beaſt for thy ſtrong drifts muſt live,
That when unto thy Cote thy Foaling kind
Return inflam'd, or foaming ſweats doſt find
Stream from their ſides, be 't then thy chiefeſt care
That their ſoft Dugs thy tender Foles forbear:
Much harm alas, to Sucklings dos enſue,
When reaking Udders they for Milk purſue.
Hinder, O hinder their too greedy haſt,
So ſweet's the miſchief 'twill be ſuckt too faſt;
Allow fit ſpace for ſcalded Teats to cool,
Leaſt inward griefs afflict the tender Foal;

Whence

Whence noiſom Glanders, or Impoſtumes ſpring,
Which long Diſeaſe (or Death) too ſwiftly bring.
This care the cautious Rurals well obſerve,
That to advantage would their breed preſerve.
Do we not ſee the Horſe their Cotes produce,
Oft from their Tilts advanc'd to nobler uſe?
Or elſe ſupports the Winter Journeys toil,
Or bears the Huntſman o're the ſportive Soil.
Such ſtrength and ſpeed in Steeds of vulgar race,
(To *Britains* glory) uſe, and pleaſure, grace.
Nor needs the common man more curious be,
Than well proportion'd Strength and Limbs to ſee
In Sire and Dam, to which if well he heed,
Some Foals he'l raiſe above his hope to breed;
As men behold how Nature pleaſure takes
When ſhe 'mongſt common things ſome wonders makes:
Or where the Oak or Thorn do courſely ſpring,
An unexpected Fruit ſome Trees will bring.
But thou whoſe Birth and Fortune thee ſhall guide
To raiſe the Horſe of nobleſt ſhape and pride,
Whether for War or Pleaſure be thy ſcope,
Few admonitions may advance thy hope.
Nor think thou doſt thy Countreys worth decline
If Foreign breed with its Complexion joyn,
Whether from *Greece* thy noble Stallion be,
Or of *Arabicks* ſwifter Pedigree.
Nor would I have thee the neat *Barb* neglect,
Whoſe Wind and Speed ſuch Wonders do effect:
Though *Aſrick* moſt admir'd his feature ſhows,
And where Mankind in Figure blackeſt grows,
As if that *Phœbus* there did moſt diſpenſe
This Creatures Beauty with his influence.

The *Engliſh* Mare that's large and comely grown,
Sprung from a Blood may worthy Off-ſpring own;
Well ſhe deſerves beſt foreign Seed to bear,
As more illuſtrious things from mixtures are;
Or if with ſmall great acts compar'd may be,
It much reſembles Royal Progeny,
Which Mighty Nations in their Princes joyn,
To make their Iſſues moſt conſpicuous ſhine.
No height of Blood does Lineage more compleat
Than in this Creature, when deſcended great;
His Predeceſſors worth in his will ſhow,
Nay oft from kinder Stars exceeded too.
Which to uphold duly thy kind obſerve,
Nor think unworthy Mare can Seed deſerve
From ſuch a Sire whoſe Loyns the Horſe ſhould get
Becomes brave Manage or a Princes Seat;
Or ſuch Great Captain would in Battel ride,
When Art more comely bold incites his Pride.
No leſs thy diligence exact ſhould be
If for thy Pleaſure thou'dſt ſwift Courſer ſee
Which nimbly ſhould the feweſt minutes ſpend
Before his Speed thy wager'd Race does end:
Him to exalt too curious none can view
The Male and Female his deſcent muſt ſhew.
Fine ſhapes with comely ſtrength for him ſelect:
Nor e're from homely ſteps his haſt expect;
A care this Iſlands breeders muſt commend,
Who Skill and Coſt above all Nations ſpend
To raiſe this Creatures nimble Strength and Might,
No Clime beſide his Vertues ſo delight;
Or yields ſuch Carpet green where he may run,
Swift, next the Steeds which Heaven allows the Sun,

If

If ſuch Ambition ſuits thy generous mind,
As oft our *Engliſh* Nobles are inclin'd
To raiſe the Horſe whoſe ſprightly haſt may claim
The higheſt Rank of matchleſs Courſers fame,
Think not thy Park which Deer or Hart contains,
So comely ſport and feed its Lawns and Plains,
Can to thy eye a nobler pleaſure give
Than if thy Stud and young there graceful live;
Large wanders they with moſt delight would tread,
With leaſt confinement Wind and Speed are bred;
Or glad's the Damm when ſhe her Foal doth ſee
Start from her ſides and like ſwift gales to flee.
In Summer let thy Mares full paſtur'd go
In ſome choice Soil where Streams propitious flow:
The pureſt Flood does beſt their Thirſt allay,
And fills the Teats thy Sucklings Milk convey;
No parched Herbage can their food ſupply,
Or Lakes that half to Mud at Solſtice dry:
The barren Soil too ſoon thy Foals will ſhrink,
Nor there will nimbly ſcope the Rivers brink:
Although their ſprightly ſhape they much delight,
When Floods reflect its Beauty to their ſight.
Their growth and pleaſure fill of Milk does bring,
As early buds muſt feel the warmeſt Spring.
Much obſervation heedful Breeders make
Before their Foals their tender Dams forſake (know:
Whether his ſtrength, ſpeed, courage, thou wouldſt
His growth and ſpirit well all theſe will ſhow.
If ſtirring, active, and of nimble heel,
The ſteps he treads will ſeem no ground to feel.
Slothful and dull their flegm will ſoon betray,
What life has temper'd life will moſt convey.

Ere

Ere Winter come, or Autumn thou doſt ſee
Well ſpent with cold, or froſts benumn the tree,
Provide due ſhelter where thy Steed does go,
Much warmth and food this ſeaſon them allow.
No curious skill or coſt thou need'ſt imploy
To ſave thy young from Winter's fierce annoy:
Tho *North* or *Eaſt* Winds ſhed their keeneſt dew,
Or curl'd with icy locks tall Groves do ſhew.
Homely (if ſure) thy care enough does ſpeak
Large room tho' thatch'd thou ſeeſt the Swain does make
His full Glebs ſafety, numbring with glad gain
The fertile Treaſure he doth there ſuſtain.
Form'd like its Model will protect thy young,
Moſt for that uſe of figure chuſe Oblong:
It's floor ſmooth wrought with earth well harden'd ſee,
Or who'l diſlike if laid with flint it be?
Firm treading will their tender hoofs enure
To thoſe bold ſteps their riper age endure.
Nor will this ſafeguard more thy Steed protect
From Winter's rage, than when *Sol*'s beams effect
In *Cancer*'s glowing Claws their ſcorching heat,
And ſtinging luſt to buſie flies create.
This ſhelter will their equal comfort be,
As mortal ſenſe would from extreams live free.
No ſeaſon of the year thy Steed needs fear,
If this one ſafety thou allowſt thy care.
Or grant thy breed does range where no leaves grow,
Or cops where rain (like buds) thick drops does ſhow:
Account ſuch ſhade no want, ſince thou wilt find
Their skins far more refin'd with Sun and Wind:
Or thoſe ſmooth gales on tops of Hills do glide,
Where thy Foals gladly ſcope with nimbleſt pride.

Air leaſt reſtrain'd, their Tempers moſt rejoice,
As what is moſt it ſelf is Nature's choice.
Thy breed thus ſettl'd, curiouſly obſerve
Which in thy own eſteem do beſt deſerve.
Shapes with good Colours joyn'd, be ſure prefer,
Where Nature paints the life ſhe leaſt doth err.
To this, experienc'd Horſe-men moſt ſubmit,
Like Criticks whoſe nice skill advanceth Wit.
Seldom or never kindly Features meet
But they expreſs an inward ſoul more great.
Yet in thy Stud if thou perceiv'ſt there be
Some Foals whoſe ſhapes, than colours, more agree
With beſt perfection, ſee thou do not ſcant
To ſuch thy due regard, ſince 'tis no want,
If outward accidents of Beauty fail
So no eſſential evils thence prevail.
Oft have been Duns and Cheſnuts of worſt hue,
With courſe Bays Sorrils Cole-blacks ſeldom true:
Yet of theſe ſome in vertue have out-done,
Even beſt-brown Bays and Grays for Wagers run.
Nor think thy generous young amiſs do ſhow,
If they looſe figur'd or uneven grow
From one to their fifth year, when thou maiſt find
Such comely ſhapes unite as boaſt their kind.
Often, alas! the heedleſs breeder gives
Praiſe to the Foal that leſs deſertful lives,
When ſtrength with beauty too compoſs'd appears,
And early ſeems to fix his growing years,
Beware thy hopes too vainly then prevail,
Which in ripe time thou't ſoon perceive to fail:
When to thy eye no ſuch wiſh'd features ſhow,
As if thy Horſe's youth did backward grow.

At five, and ſix years old, when uſe requires
Thy Steed ſhould manag'd be to thy deſires,
Leaſt value ſuch where diſproportions meet,
Nor hope from them performance ſwift or great.
The Horſe then even form'd ſtill moſt delight:
Higher behind than forward, loath his ſight.
Nor ſo far ſmooth thy wiſhes to expect,
That future time ſhall mend this bad defect.
His due growth being ſumm'd, 'tis Nature's courſe
To leave ſuch marks in Steeds ſhe formeth worſe.
At four years old the Horſe that's truly bred,
And generous Spirits feels of Sire's long dead;
Omit no time with all thy pleaſing skill
To win his ſoft obedience to thy will,
Letting him well perceive with gentle hand
The Bridles rein his firſt and laſt command.
With which if he the Saddles uſe doth know,
And yield his back with due ſubmiſſion too,
A many miſchiefs thou't avoid betime,
Which too neglectful Horſmen make their crime.
Wherefore if beſt experience thou't embrace,
Till ſix years paſt let uſage in no caſe
Afflict thy Horſe, leſt Maladies accrew,
Thy skill and care will prove redreſleſs too.
Splints, Windgalls, Curbs, and Spavens worſt of Cures,
The Horſe o're labour'd young, too ſoon endures.
Tutor his youth by ſlow and ſoft degrees,
His growing ſtrength requires thy kindeſt eaſe.
Or as the Child muſt gentle paſtimes know,
Yet from the Rod receives inſtruction too.
So with indulgence joyn'd let ſtripes command,
Leſt thy Steeds ſtubborn Youth forget thy hand.

Too much a vitious ſenſe informs the Horſe,
That leſs by kindneſs tutor'd is than force.
But where thy tender dalliance can't allure,
See that thy Horſe thy ſtripes does well endure.
His Youth (like man's) improves pernicious ill,
Unleſs correction then commands his will.
His due age come, with full obedience joyn'd
Expect performance worthy of his kind.
Till when let uſage his delight improve,
Pleaſure with toyl to toyl will raiſe his love.
Time muſt thy Horſe and thy Inſtructor be,
Nor hope too ſoon his ſpeed and might to ſee.
Some Horſes ſhapes will ſooneſt ſtrength compleat:
In others, far more late, perfections meet.
Well thou may'ſt know the long and tall require
More time to fix the vigours tho'ut deſire.
Whilſt low and little ſooner do unite
The utmoſt periods of their growth and might.
Nor think ſuch Steeds will leſs deſerve thy praiſe
Which Natures longeſt care does virtuous raiſe:
What ſlowly ſees perfection, who'l not ſay
Time does endear as long with leaſt decay?
More Precepts on this Subject needleſs were,
It being ſo obvious to thy uſe and care.
What next reſpects the Horſe thou'dſt gladly bring
In feweſt minutes o're four miles to ſpring.
If my Muſe well inſtructs, I'le let thee know;
Till when this period thy due thoughts allow.

CANTO II.

THE Horſe that's young, and untaught yet to feel
Four miles ſwift labour on his nimbleſt heel,
Experience bids thy patience ſhould attend
Till time repays the time thy hope does ſpend.
Nor think that *Phœbus* doth revolve too ſlow
His Annual Orb e're thy train'd Horſe doth know
Thy wager'd Match, one year at leaſt ſee paſt,
Before thou doſt attempt his utmoſt haſte.
Till when, with pleaſant eaſe his labours guide,
More to incite his ſwift deſires and pride.
Delight will win him to indear his toyl,
As love improves what heedleſs force may ſpoil.
When morning breaks, and thou ſome Hill doſt take
Where he his airy ſcopings firſt doth make
E're thou deſcend unto the flowing ſtream
To cool his limbs and duly quench his flame,
Be ſure no ſweat thou doſt provoke to riſe,
If thou thy Horſes worth and health doſt priſe.
Uſe no more ſpeed than will his warmth ſupply,
Leſt hurtful chills from his draughts inward lye.
The evening come, and ſeaſon fit for thee
To ride thy Horſe where he muſt water'd be,
With the ſame caution let him walk and ſcope
As beſt his Wind and pleaſure may provoke.
Yet take this difference from experience too,
If thy convenience does it well allow,

That

That for his evenings air thy Horſe ſhould ride
The Flat, or Mead, where pureſt ſtreams do glide.
Contiguous to ſuch skelping turf, that he
May there his nimble ſtroaks delight to ſee.
The Soyl that's low no leſs thy Horſe enſeams
Than Hill where guſts he draws with morning beams.
From both alike effects of good accrew,
As Art ſhould Nature's aid each way purſue.
Calm pleaſure, what good Horſe-man does not chuſe,
By ſoft degrees to clean the Horſe he'l uſe?
His ſpeed and ſtrength are ſafeſt thus refin'd,
And what aſſiſteth both, his running wind.
Each of theſe Virtnes ſhould thy care imploy,
Tho few prov'd Horſes all alike injoy.
Some Wind and toughneſs far leſs want than ſpeed;
Others run faſt yet fainty ſpirits breed.
When thy Steed's duly kept, thy proof will tell
Which of his courſing glories moſt excel.
No ſign, like proof, good Horſe-man e're will truſt,
Or unknown Virtues wager to his coſt.
The firſt experience in thy young train'd Horſe
Thou ſhould'ſt approve in hope to make good courſe:
Is, that his ſwiftneſs be to thee well known,
Swift, is a worth, beſt Runners ſurely own;
Other perfections thou may'ſt hope from time,
Whilſt late, or never, ſlow Horſe mends his crime.
Some from the Horſe well bred and ſhap'd ſuppoſe
All courſing Virtues, which their hopes propoſe:
But truſt not Species as thy certain guide,
Or with thy Purſe maintain ſuch Horſe untry'd,
Leſt to thy Coſt thy raſh experience find
The Steed of fair Deſcent below his kind;

As oft in Mankind men unwilling ſee
Unworthy Iſſues of high Pedigree.
Yet lineage ſtill prefer in Steed thoud'ſt raiſe
Nobly to win the ſpeedy Courſers praiſe.
From generous Blood like Vertue oft deſcends,
Whilſt mean as ſeldom its mean worth amends.
Nor muſt thou always thy beſt hope neglect
If Natures outward Beauties leſs affect
Thy well got Horſe, or that his ſhape and grace
Leſs comely ſhew the vertue of his Race.
From ſure Experience know, there oft have been
Steeds courſely form'd, yet worthy of their kin;
Or ſuch when train'd uncouthly ſtroke the Plain,
Or whoſe rough mouths thy hand does moſt complain;
Yet, even of theſe, ſure proofe their fame does tell,
Whilſt ſome of breed and feature leſs excell.
A glory, Nature ſometimes loves to ſhow
When Soul and Spirit outward form outdo:
But what ſhould I ſuch circumſtantials ſpeak,
Which every Horſe mans care does obvions make;
Or how, and when, thy Horſe would feed or reſt,
With Intervals in which his ſmooth skin's dreſt,
Things too much vulgar for my Pen to teach:
And which, thy Grooms Mechanick skill may reach.
Yet ſtill remember that the Owners eye
Doth beſt obſerve neglects in Keepers lye;
Too oft their Crime and Sloth abuſe the Horſe
Which un-neglected might have won his Courſe.
Thus have I known the Steed (bad Maſter leaves),
That ſoon to future fame new merit gives,
Or from mean glory does to greateſt riſe,
And wins the Palm where firſt he loſt the Prize.

Th'

Th' Improv'd Horſe his Conqueror oft ſubdues,
And in his Triumph moſt his owner ſhews.
This to their coſt Ill Horſe-men frequent know,
And what is worſe, in Fame are loſers too.
Thy Horſes humour ſhould well ſtudied be,
That labour, food, or eaſe, with it agree:
His Bodies ſtate and Limbs exactly find,
Nor judg thy care of both can be too kind;
Many defects thou may'ſt this way prevent
And fit his Spirit beſt for thy intent.
The tender Horſe ſhould gentle uſage know,
Sharp heats and airings moſt to him are foe:
What ſuits each temper beſt let each endure,
If thou their ſwift performance wilt allure.
This order chiefly doth this Horſe aſſiſt.
Anothers Spirit would as much reſiſt.
To no one rule or thing commit thy Truſt,
A varied Science ſpeaks good Horſe-man moſt.
Nor ſmall Philoſophy's requir'd to know
The Horſe's Nature and his Virtue too,
A skill, the great and noble muſt incite,
That would experience well this ſwift delight.
In Running Horſe tho' many graces are,
Their worſt detraction is man's worthleſs care.
Uſe and delight his high Perfections ſhow,
And is of Horſe the chiefeſt Jewel too:
But what need I his value more relate
Which has from generous Man ſuch ancient date;
Or tell what Prince or Worthies did delight
The ſwift obſervance of his conquering flight;
Or on the ſpeedy Courſers Back would guide
His ſportive Glory with his winning Pride.

Enough

Enough my Muſe could ſuch Records produce,
Whilſt ſhe returns to more familiar uſe.
Next food and airings ſee ſuch care thou take
That thy Steed may his Sweats ſecurely make :
Sweats, above all, do clean his inward part,
And clear groſs humors clog his Wind and Heart.
But 'tis a labour, well provide to know,
That ſhould thy Horſes ſtrength ſtill under-do;
Leſt he too ſoon a weakned Spirit feel,
Or faint when it ſhould aid his nimble heel.
Whilſt pleas'd with toil, he'l gladly next aſpire
T'exceed thy hope, when moſt thou ſhalt require.
Once in each week moſt knowing will admit
To give their heats in time and ſeaſon fit.
Others each ſix days hold the fitteſt time,
Which may in both or either be no crime;
The Horſe conſider'd well his ſtrength and ſtate,
To which his Sweats ſhould uſefully relate.
But truſt no certain Preſcripts I adviſe,
Or firſt conſult thy Steed to be more wiſe.
His Symptoms will far better thee direct
Although his Stars conceal their cloſe effect;
Who knows not but ſome kinder hours diſpoſe
Both Man and Beaſt which other more oppoſe :
And how they Food and Reſt regretful take,
With every Pleaſure Soul and Body make.
Enough this tells thee how thou ſhouldſt fulfil
Thy Courſers praiſe tho' with a vari'd skill.
Nor need I here expreſs or time or place
Which moſt incite thy Horſe to ſpeed his Race;
Or with what Art thy careful hand ſhould guide
His ſtroaking Limbs when he doth Wager'd ride.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſoon thou't grant thy courſer can thee ſhow
The how, and where, of his Perfections too.
Some Hill or Flat with ready haſt endure,
Others the eaſy ſlope does moſt allure.
Truſt there his ſpeed where he loves beſt to run,
Love by its power in Horſe has wonders done;
Which ſwift affection let thy skill incite,
He more than winns that winns with moſt Delight.
Nothing beyond thy Runners might propoſe,
Or inconvenient weight on him diſpoſe:
Weight above all things does impede his courſe,
And when 'tis given ſooneſt beats good Horſe.
Few pounds are preſſures, well experienc'd know;
Whence Stone or half-Stone ſeldom they allow.
Small is the skill which meetly may enjoy
This pleaſure if men fitly care employ.
Whilſt generous ſenſe beſt notions will Improve,
As nobleſt things oblige the nobleſt love.
Would'ſt thou thy Courſers fame and wager try,
Or with delight on his back four miles fly,
(As oft our Nobleſs and our Gentry do,)
And not aſſiſt in thine his merit too:
Or think thy eye below it ſelf deſcends
If thy Grooms part by thy obſervance mends.
Truſt me, this Art's above Mechanick ſenſe,
Or ſuch the vulgar's ſlothful thoughts diſpenſe.
But what need lines induſtriouſly aſpire
T' incite that Science worthy minds deſire:
Which Nature in this Clime ſelecteth moſt,
The Courſers famous breed and praiſe to boaſt;
Nor judg thou doſt thy diligence miſpend
If each train'd Horſe does not compleat thy end.

Or with ſuch winning Heel doth purchaſe fame
As thence accrews to him good Courſers name.
Whilſt thou perhaps in ſuch may'ſt vertues find
Worthy thy pleaſure in a noble kind;
If Chace of Deer or Hart thou doſt delight
And on thy Horſe purſu'ſt their ſpeedy flight.
The well prov'd Hunter, who will not eſteem,
Whoſe ſportive toil the greateſt highly deem.
His tough and conſtant ſpeed the Hound ore-run,
And chaſe not ended with the ſetting Sun.
No Steed ſtrict labour harder does endure;
And next if thou to War wouldſt him enure,
His ſhape and ſpirit thy armed weight will bear,
And teach his Foe his active ſtrength to fear;
Swift to aſſail aud ſpeedy to purſue,
And if Fate bids retire thy ſafety too.
Good Blood in Horſe is ſeldome ſo far loſt
But in ſome vertue it acquits thy coſt,
Nature's Perfections different ways do lie,
What fits not one uſe t'other may ſupply
More on this ſubject my Pen could dilate,
But what enough can ſpeak this Creature great,
Or tell what fame or merit they acquire,
Who Steeds (of nobleſt worth) to raiſe aſpire.
Though Fiction *Pegaſus* in Heaven does place,
Moſt do ſuppoſe on earth he wing'd his Race;
Or did below from ſuch ſwift Blood proceed
As might compleat our *Engliſh* Courſers breed;
Whoſe praiſe my Muſe ambitious was to Sing,
And deems it meeteſt there to cloſe her Wing.

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